

Wavering

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19904167) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19904167>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki , Matoi Ryuuko , Kiryuuin Ragyo
Additional Tags:	KLK - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-07-22 Words: 953 Chapters: 1/1

Wavering

by [Melzious](#)

Summary

Satsuki is the epitome of strength and beauty. Yet, her wings are false and she cannot help but to tumble from the skies she took to.

Notes

So, this is my first fanfiction. Um, it's also my first work...so please do not murder me. That aside, thanks for taking the time to look at it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Fear.

Fear was something all humans had. If they did not, they would be culled off like pigs. Even so, pigs had fear. Humans and pigs were quite alike. Both had fleshy, vulnerable pink skin. Each had greed and hunger. Each had the primal instinct to get the most, whether it be money, food, or otherwise. Most of all, perhaps, was their delusion when fear was not present. That was what drove pigs and humans to death.

No one saw Satsuki as a pig. How could they? She had beauty. She had grace. She could crush a man beneath her heel without batting one of those perfect eyelashes. She was a symbol of power to those at Honnoji. It was right to be that way, naturally. Satsuki built up the academy from the worms around it to rebel against her mother. She could not have been a pig, not with all the power and respect-no-fear she held. Perhaps, the only ones who could have truly respected her would have been the Elite Four.

She was not like them.

She did not masquerade in human clothing.

She was more than a human.

She was an eagle.

Perhaps before Ryuko came to the academy she was just a mere human--but then...then she got Junketsu. The second it drank she blood, took part of herself into it, she grew wings. She had power. She was sure that Raygo would be no match for her. She could put a swift end to the reign of the life fibers her mother...yes, her mother. Though there was a tinge of disgust every time Satsuki admitted her blood relationship with Raygo, she would not shy away from the facts. She became an eagle, she could not only soar but fly.

She was going to tumble from the sky and crash, for she wore fake wings. And that she did. Junketsu was a product of her mother's. No matter how strong her will was, it could never be hers. She could force it, yes, for a time. However, those wings were the wax ones of Icarus. They would melt in the face of the sun. The sun was not benevolent. It was cruel, sharp, and beating. Yet it was radiant and unwavering. Raygo shed light wherever she stood with that cruelly beautiful pose of hers and that light was cruel, sharp, and beating.

Satsuki thought she could beat Ragyo. For a moment, all seemed as if she were right. Yet, the world was cruel and she...she made the fatal mistake of believing she was above pigs. She did not masquerade in human clothing. She was worse. She had forgotten her fear because she masqueraded in inhuman scourged.

And she hated herself for it. Yet, she could not let that show, not when there were people counting on her and definitely not in front of her sister. She did not want to prove herself better than Ryuko--all she wanted her to do was to flourish. Satsuki was scared. She was scared of her sister. She had said to Ryuko that she didn't have to acknowledge her as her sister--that the blood of Ryuko coursing through Junketsu was enough.

That was fine.

That was fine.

That was a lie.

Satsuki had now cut all ties except the tie of hatred at her mother. She had no one to call blood. No one but Ryuko. And after all the pain, all the lies, all the trials she threw at Ryuko to make her stronger, she doubted if Ryuko could ever believe that she loved her, much less if Ryuko could ever love her back.

She was wavering inside and out. It may have not shown, but Satsuki felt her blows become less decisive and for that...Ryuko suffered. She brought even more pain upon Ryuko. Despite that, Ryuko rose above Rago. Satsuki wanted her sister to flourish, but something ate at her.

She wavered.

Ryuko did not.

She had false wings.

Ryuko and Senketsu flew together.

She was delusional.

She....was a pig.

Ryuko fell from the sky, victorious, but in tears. Everyone ran to catch her, not out of fear, but out of love. It was touching, but it hurt Satsuki. She doubted she could ever have that.

Ryuko dried her tears and let herself be surrounded by comfort. Satsuki shied away, knowing that her sister would not want the blight of her touch.

She wavered once again. Eventually, Satsuki felt a warm hand on her shoulder. Ryuko's eyes were puffy, but she spoke with little hesitation, "Hey, you should know...what happened up there."

Satsuki offered a small smile that her eyes could not completely replicate. "You don't have to speak about Senketsu. I know...this was very hard on you."

Ryuko tilted her head slightly. "I'm talking about our-our mother."

Satsuki could not form any words. Her mouth drew into a sharp line.

Ryuko dropped her voice lower, "I couldn't bring her back, but for a moment it seemed as though she considered it-as though she was like you and me. I think maybe...she held some sort of warm emotion in her, even though it fled as soon as it came."

Satsuki felt something lift. Not because of the possibility of love from her mother, but because her mother wavered.

She wavered

Just like her.

If someone as obsidian clad as her could waver in their decisiveness, then that meant Satsuki had not fallen. She had only become more human. Even if Ryuko could never completely love someone such as her, it was okay.

She was not alone.

She would waver just like anyone else. Just like her sister. And just like her mother.

End Notes

Thanks for reading. Satsuki is a pretty interesting character and I really think she has a lot more depth than people give her credit for. I have lots of thoughts on this, but I could only get this jumbled mess out. Maybe I'll do more on her or other KKK characters.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!